

THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC WORLDS

WEINGARTNER'S new symphony, played for the first time in America by the Philharmonic Orchestra last week under Walter Damrosch's direction, is given the following notice in the "New York Evening Post":

"This symphony belongs in the realm of absolute music, having no poetic title to suggest an alliance with the school of program music which at present is predominant. One might suspect from this that the composer likes Brahms better than he does Berlioz and Liszt, but such is not the case; he has frankly expressed his opinions on this matter, and his own works show his leanings. It is true that his second symphony is constructed on classic lines, yet its spirit is romantic and its orchestration is ultra modern.

"Thematic invention is not his strongest point, but his workmanship is so interesting, his coloring so fascinating and varied that he holds the attention, except when (particularly in the last movement) the symphonic fetish tempts him to spin out his woe to excessive length. The first movement is characterized by an imposing virility; the second by genuine buoyancy; the slow movement begins like a Beethoven adagio with a rich cantilena, which is well sustained. In the third the most striking part is the majestic passage for the brass choir, used with a delightful euphony worthy of Schubert or Wagner. The last movement is inferior to the others, and was obviously only added because a symphony, for some inexplicable reason, is supposed to be necessarily in four movements."

"LA CAROTTE," a three-act vaudeville, produced at the Palais Royal, Paris, is described as the best farcical comedy of the season. Three authors have manufactured a series of combinations and cross-purposes which are founded upon the yearnings of a timid husband named Raverdy to have a few days of non-marital merry-making. His friend, Briscotte, advises him to pretend that after his service as a reservist he has disobeyed military regulations, and

draws up two sham gendarmes, who come to arrest him. Unfortunately his cousin Dubiez, who in his absence has lent him his chambers for his frolics, has really committed the same offense, and two genuine gendarmes pack Raverdy off to a barrack guardroom. Mme. Raverdy, who is suspicious now, comes on the scene, followed by the other wives of the group, and of the fast and furious kind brings the piece to the gayest of denouements.

MATERNA, long the most prominent opera singer in Vienna, is said to be in need, and her friends are arranging a concert for her benefit. She is said to have lost recently her castle and all its contents, including her Wagner souvenirs. It would be interesting to know through what act of folly the great singer lost her fortune. Since, moreover, she was for about twenty years a member of the Viennese Imperial Opera, and is, therefore, entitled to a very handsome pension, it is not clear why she should need assistance.

COLONNE played at a recent Paris concert the "Coronation March" written by Saint-Saens at the desire of King Edward. It is described as a brilliant and effective composition, although it is little more than an elaboration of the prelude to his opera "Henry VIII," which, in turn, is based on an old English melody discovered by the composer in the library at Buckingham Palace.

THEATRICAL London is becoming more and more cosmopolitan. Foreign artists flock to her gates, and for all who bear upon their credentials the stamp of talent there is a cordial welcome. No better evidence of the fact need be offered than the constantly increasing favor shown to the "German Theater in London." Beginning in the humblest fashion it has gradually won its way to a definite and substantial position in the number of desirable entertainments. Doubtless its first and most direct appeal is to the large

colony of Germans, but appreciation of artistic endeavor is not necessarily conditioned by a question of nationality, and there are many English playgoers who can enjoy performances in German even if their knowledge of the language be somewhat limited. The actors and actresses are selected from many different German theaters and the German orchestra is excellent.

VERDI'S foundation, "The Asylum for Aged Musicians," in Milan, will be opened February 27, 1903, with four women and five men. There is room for 100, but not till the end of a decade will the funds be sufficient to provide for that number. The men in the home will wear coats and hats similar to Verdi's. The room set aside as a museum already contains many interesting things, including the several pianos which Verdi played on at various periods.

THE LIRICO INTERNAZIONALE was recently the scene of the first production on an Italian stage of Massenet's latest opera, "Griselda," in Milan. The opera, which was written and produced in four acts, is founded on a famous legend some eight centuries old. M. Massenet himself came specially from Paris to attend the performance and was accorded an enthusiastic welcome. The opera achieved a great success with the Italian public. M. Massenet was "called" a score of times, and appeared very much touched by the applause bestowed upon him. The house was crowded, the opera splendidly mounted, and both orchestra and singers acquitted themselves with great distinction. The composer was entertained at a banquet by 160 Milanese artists.

AMELIA BINGHAM will soon begin rehearsals for a new play, "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson."

MME. BLAUVELT, who has been engaged for the Covent Garden Opera next spring, has been singing in the English festivals and on her concert tour with

great success a new song (with orchestra), written and composed expressly for her by Liza Lehmann, of "Persian Garden" fame, entitled "Molly's Spinning Wheel."

"SHAKESPEARE with Mansfield and Creston Clarke is in no danger of decay,"—New York Sun.

WEEDON GROSSMITH and his company went to their New York theater recently for their regular matinee and found Aubrey Boucault and his company busy on the stage rehearsing "Hedderberg." The latter company, which had the use of the theater, could not be persuaded that Thursday was matinee day, and refused to budge. "The blithering" audience, he supposed, can wait," said Robert Bruce, of the Grossmith company, starting for his dressing room, "but he'll be ready." From his dressing room an instant later came forth a shout, "Hi say!" cried Bruce, "do you think him going to dress with a bloom-in' dog?" Then there emerged from the room one of the Great Danes used in the student scenes of "Hedderberg" propelled by the toe of Bruce's English boot. The Shuberts were called in, and the American company moved up to the Casino. But the curtain rose fifteen minutes late.

EDOUARD DE RESZKE, who is with us again, has set at rest the reports that his brother Jean de Reszke is never coming back to America. If all goes well, the latter will sing here next winter. At present he is appearing at the Grand Opera, Paris, where the compensation is less than one-half what he gets in this country. He has a handsome home in Paris, and a private theater therein, where every now and then he entertains his friends with performances of favorite acts from favorite operas. He has taken a great fancy to the role of Canio, and made it a condition of his engagement at the Paris Opera that this opera be performed in order that he might gratify his desire of appearing in it.

WATCHMEN ON GUARD TO STAY SMALLPOX SPREAD

Dread Disease Breaks Out in Pennsylvania Towns.

BLOOMSBURG, Pa., Dec. 17.—Smallpox is epidemic at Cameron, four miles south of Danville. The entire family of Postmaster Hensinger has the disease, which has spread among the farmers. Every house containing a smallpox patient is guarded by watchmen.

The smallpox has broken out in Danville. An eight-year-old daughter of Daniel Lyons is the victim. The child, together with others of the family, attended the parochial school, where vaccination was not made obligatory, and, although the school is now closed, it is feared other children may have contracted the disease.

E. H. SOTHERN AS HAMLET.

The box office of the National Theater opens tomorrow morning at 8:30 to commence the sale of seats for E. H. Sothern's engagement next week. A long line of ticket buyers is expected, as the advance inquiry has been very great. Mr. Sothern's appearance as Hamlet and Francois Villon is meeting with the general approbation of theatergoers.



as it gives them an opportunity in the course of one week to see him in the two most important roles he has ever presented. Sothern's scenic environments are the most elaborate he has ever brought to this city. He travels from Pittsburgh here by a special train containing eight cars, five of which are devoted exclusively to the scenic effects etc., for his productions of "Hamlet" and "If I Were King."

MR. RIIS TO LECTURE.

"The Battle with the Slum," has been selected by Mr. Jacob A. Riis, who is to lecture in the Y. M. C. A. Star Course at Masonic Temple tomorrow evening. Mr. Riis illustrates his account of the great changes in the tenement districts of New York during the past ten years, with photographs taken by himself in his capacity of police reporter.

A few seats for the lecture have been placed on sale at Smith's Ticket Agency, 1223 F Street.

ROCKVILLE NOTES.

ROCKVILLE, Md., Dec. 17.—William T. Wheeler, who was recently appointed Judge of the orphans' court for this county, and who succeeds the late Judge Charles R. Murphy, took the oath of office yesterday. Thomas Dawson, clerk of the circuit court, swore in the newly appointed judge, Judge Samuel P. Waters, who was designated by Governor Smith as chief judge, also took the oath of office. Both judges assumed charge of their duties today.

Forest Carroll, a negro of this place, has been committed to jail upon charges of perjury. Carroll was placed under arrest at the instance of State's Attorney Talbot. The negro swore out a warrant on Saturday night charging Bert Howard, another negro, with violating the local option law. When the case came up for trial, Carroll swore that he had not purchased any intoxicants from the accused and that he was drunk when he swore out the warrant against Howard.

Of late there has been much talk about the extension of the electric road line through this town. William H. Lamar, who lives in the extreme western end, has carried before the town council a long petition asking for action on the part of the town authorities looking toward the extension of the road. Undoubtedly a majority of the citizens favor such extension, but as yet the council has been unable to come to terms with the road. At the last meeting of the council the matter came up for discussion, but no definite action was taken.

Walter Cecil, of Hyattstown, this county, and Miss Burdette, of Clarksville, have obtained from the clerk of court a marriage license. They will be married today by the Rev. C. L. Yost, at the parsonage of the M. E. Church North, Clarksville, this county.

A marriage license was issued to Fortune C. Terrell, of La Grange, Ga., and Alice Irene Johnston, of Washington.

PRAYER BRINGS MONEY.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., Dec. 17.—A year ago Rev. C. R. Priggen, a former Presbyterian minister, founded the non-denominational Wylie Avenue Church, and announced that no collections or presents would be taken, believing sufficient funds would be provided through prayer. Yesterday the preacher announced that the church had received a donation of \$12,000 from an anonymous friend.

A COLUMBUS DAY FAVORED.

Mr. Martin, of South Dakota, has introduced a bill in the House making October 12, the anniversary of the discovery of America, a legal holiday, to be known as Columbus Day.

LOCAL MENTION.

Important to Men.

Inspect our fine tailor-made overcoats (slightly used). Very best at prices to please people with limited means. The reliable Justin's Old Stand, 619 D.

PLEASED WITH PASSAGE OF THE TERMINAL BILL

District Commissioners Favored the Massachusetts Avenue Site—Future of Northeast Bright.

The District Commissioners are well pleased over the passage of the railroad terminal bill by the House of Representatives. Commissioner West echoed the universal sentiment at the District Building by saying he was glad the matter was settled and taken from the realm of uncertainty. He said that the more he had studied the question the more he was convinced that the new terminal would be a good thing for the railroad, for Washington, and for the Northeast section of the city as well.

Mr. West said that with the building of the union station, the time over the Pennsylvania Railroad between Washington and points North would be lessened. With the street improvements which would attend the erection of the

station and the concentration of the street railway facilities at that point, Mr. West foresees a great advantage to that part of the city surrounding and beyond the terminal toward the east.

Col. John Riddle, the Engineer Commissioner, is equally well pleased at the action of the House. The selection of the Massachusetts Avenue site, the provision for the extended plaza, and the saving to the District of \$1,000,000 in the House bill are all in line with the recommendations officially made by Colonel Riddle.

Commissioner Macfarland is out of the city, and no expression of his views on the subject could be had, but it is well known that he was in favor of the Massachusetts Avenue site.

MARYLAND STATUTES GIVEN TO CONGRESS

Governor Smith Turns Over Gift in Letter.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 17.—Gov. John Walter Smith was at his city office for several hours yesterday and mailed the following letter, addressed to the Congress of the United States, regarding the presentation of the Maryland statutes to the Government:

"To the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States, Washington, D. C.

"Gentlemen: I have the honor to inform you that in acceptance of the invitation contained in section 1314 of the Revised Statutes of the United States, the General Assembly of Maryland, by chapter 311 of the acts of 1902, made an appropriation to procure statutes of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and John Hanson, president of the Continental Congress of 1781 and 1782, to be placed in Statuary Hall, in the Capitol at Washington, D. C.

"By authority of the act of the General Assembly of Maryland the governor appointed John Lee Carroll, Douglas H. Thomas, Thomas J. Shryock, Fabian Franklin, and Richard K. Gross to constitute a commission to procure and have the statutes erected.

"I am informed by the commissioners that the statutes were made by Richard E. Brooks, of Boston, that they are completed and have been placed in position and are now ready to be presented to Congress.

"As governors of the State of Maryland, therefore, I have the honor to present to the Government of the United States the statutes of the distinguished statesmen named. Very respectfully,

"JOHN WALTER SMITH,
Governor of Maryland."

The letter was sent to Senator Louis E. McComas and Representative George A. Pearce, representing the Maryland delegation in Congress. January 31 has been selected as the day when speeches will be delivered upon the subject in the Senate and House. It is probable that all the Maryland Congressmen will speak. There will be no exercises in Statuary Hall.

MARRIAGE LICENSES ISSUED.

William D. Thomas and Laura Butler, Carroll G. Seifinger and Irven May Wharton, both of Front Royal, Va., Theodore Kidwell and Fannie Trent, both of Richmond, Va., Albert Smith and Hester Donaldson, Edward A. Gray and Mary C. Langley, both of Richmond, Va., John H. Richardson and Agnes Winfield, George W. E. Vollins, Queens City, Va., and Letitia E. S. Easter, District of Columbia.

Charles H. Douglass and Emma G. Jackson, Ellsworth Blackwell and Cora Willis, Edward B. Landis, Chicago, Ill., and Grace Victoria McPherson, District of Columbia.

William Burrows and Rhoda A. Rittus, Chester A. Boyd and Mary S. James, Berlin Guy Brain and Adelaide Harnes.

Howard Prescott Gately, District of Columbia, and Maybelle Hermann, Roseburg, Ore.

William T. Rollins, Bengier, Md., and Carrie L. Eddison, District of Columbia. Patrick T. Boylan and Alice A. Foley, both of Woodburn, D. C.

Freeman W. Sharp and Margaret H. Allen.

George W. Morris and Lida B. Hollidge, William B. Gray and Lora Baker, Louis A. Denslow, Jamestown, N. Y., and Lena C. Eselhorst, District of Columbia.

James A. Morgan and Mary E. Bowman, both of Prince William county, Va. Preston D. Carroll and J. J. Ball, Charles E. Otis and Annie B. Sargent, William A. Young, Stafford county, Va., and Ida L. Covington, District of Columbia.

Phillips and Willie Howard, Branson, Mo., and Ernestine Davis, Joseph Beach and Ernestine Davis.

SHIPWRECKED MEN REACH PORT

PHILADELPHIA, Dec. 17.—Captain Rich and crew of the schooner W. S. Jordan, which was wrecked at Holly Beach last Saturday while on the way from Norfolk to Boston, reached this city yesterday. They will leave today for Boston as passengers on the steamship Grecian.

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A SECRET OF THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

A NOVEL OF MUTINY AND MYSTERY—By W. BERT FOSTER.

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THIS STORY WAS BEGUN FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5.

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS.

Howard Thorne, a Harvard student, has been adopted by Mr. Undercliff, of Undercliff & Monckton, Boston shipping merchants, his own father, Edgar Thorne, the intimate friend of Mr. Undercliff and confidential clerk of the firm, having disappeared twenty years ago, unjustly suspected of having taken a package containing \$5,000 from the vault. He sails from San Francisco on the ship Juan Fernandez, which is never heard from again. Two years later, when the vault is enlarged, the package is found. When the story opens, Captain Latimer, of the cutter, which Sydney brought from Auckland a draft from Edgar Thorne to reimburse the firm for the amount last while under his care. Captain Latimer has met a sailor who claims to have been shipwrecked on an uncharted island in the South Pacific, and to have been rescued by a white man who mysteriously appeared with a ship's longboat, and with whom he made the voyage to Auckland. After selling some goods and buying a draft, the man returned alone to his island.

Howard sails on the Naia for New Zealand to hunt for his father. Mr. Undercliff turns over to him for expenses the original \$5,000 package. The fact that it contains a bill of \$5,000, later date than his father's disappearance, causes Howard to believe his father's ruin was deliberately planned by Mr. Monckton, who had been his unsuccessful rival in love. The second mate of the Naia is Sydney Latimer, the captain's handsome and highly educated daughter. Howard knocks down a sailor, Atwell, who is insubordinate to her, and incurs his enmity. He finds on board another sailor, Jessop, the man rescued by his father, and makes friends with him. He is disgusted to find that he has a fellow-passenger—Carter Monckton, son of the man he suspects. Carter comes aboard drunk, and Howard

guides him to his stateroom and throws away his flask. Both men admire Sydney, but Howard, unable to conceal his aversion to Carter, is regarded by her as rude and prejudiced. Carter is insolent to Howard in the cabin after dinner one day, and they come to blows. This and the courtesy which Sydney exhibits to young Monckton, thereby arousing Howard's jealousy, cause him to shun his associates in the cabin. He learns, through Jessop, of discontent among the crew, fomented by Atwell. They meet heavy weather, the brig springs a leak, and the pumps are manned. The vessel is short handed, and Howard turns to help. Sydney thanks him, but a chance allusion to Carter Monckton causes him to make a scolding remark and go below. Sydney, grieved, goes to her cabin.

Carter has been getting liquor from Atwell, and Howard finds him one day almost in a delirium of fear. Jessop throws out dark hints of trouble. More stormy weather drives the ship in the vicinity of the island where Howard believes he will get trace of his father. He asks Captain Latimer to sail north a day or two in search of it. Carter attempts to prevent him, but is rebuffed. He learns, through Jessop, all jump to the pumps. Atwell objects, and is flogged by Latimer. Howard tells the captain that Atwell has been supplying the crew and Carter Monckton with liquor. They search the forecastle, but find nothing. The crew breaks out in open mutiny, driving the captain and Howard back to the forecastle, where they are rescued by Monckton through the secret door in the bulkhead by which Atwell had access to the hold and liquor. A violent storm hits the brig, carrying away the foretopmast, and the captain releases command, driving the mutineers forward. Monckton goes with them. Jessop and Shields stay aft. They start the donkey engine and begin to pump out the waterlogged ship.

CHAPTER X. (Continued.)

The Towering Cliff.

MR. PEPPER made his way forward and peered in at the forecastle skylight, from which the slide had been drawn back again. The lamp burned dimly above the mess chest and the sailors were gathered about it, drinking. Atwell had brought out a plentiful supply of liquor from his secret hiding place. The treacherous scoundrel and Monckton were conversing earnestly together in one corner. The passenger appeared in no danger from the mutineers.

The amazed Pepper was about to go aft again when something looming up in the gloom ahead caught his eye. He looked again, shielding his eyes from the flying spray with his hand. The outline of some vast object slowly developed. It was an enormous cliff towering high above the Naia's tallest spar!

He dashed back to the group near the quarter.

"Land! Land ahead!"

The cry paralyzed his hearers. Even Captain Latimer was helpless with the horror of it. He drew Sydney to him and they clung together on the break of the quarter, while the great brig tore on her fateful course. Now above the howling gale was borne to their ears the roar of the breakers. The outlines of the towering cliff stretched away on either hand. There was no break in the wall.

Thorne, clinging to the wire cable which guarded the ladder to the quarter, felt a numbness at his heart. This was the end, then. That awful sea would dash them in pieces against the rock. He saw the two mates shaking hands solemnly. "To die on his knees beside the hissing engine, praying with all the fervor of his emotional negro nature. And the sailors—those half drunken creatures in the forecastle—they would go into eternity unprepared—unwarned!" "They'll drown like rats in a trap!" was his thought.

He staggered forward, striving to reach the forecastle ere the brig struck. But he was too late. With a grinding crash the Naia was hurled forward upon

the reef. A great wave broke over the stern and swept the deck from end to end.

"The boats—it's our only hope!" Thorne heard Captain Latimer shout. "Get ready the cutter, Mr. Sessions. I put Sydney in your charge."

He dashed into the cabin. A great wave followed him, and flooded the place in a moment. The brig remained upright on the reef, having become wedged in her position. But every wave came in over the stern and her breaking up was a matter of but a few hours—perhaps a few minutes. The forecastle door had become jammed and Thorne heard the imprisoned men beating on it. He seized an iron pin from the mast and pried it open. The crazed sailors burst out and started aft with wild shrieks and curses.

Mr. Sessions stood at the cutter with a drawn revolver.

"Keep away!" he shouted warningly. "Take the long boat. I'll shoot the first man who comes aft."

Thorne saw the third mate stagger out of the galley laden with provisions. "To die was unalarming a water cask amidships. Miss Latimer was already crouching in the bottom of the cutter."

He struggled to the cabin and plunged down the stairs. Captain Latimer passed him with the logbook and cash box in his hands. He shouted something to Thorne as he went up. But the passenger kept on to his own quarters. If they were to be cast away upon a desert island the ship biscuit and salt meat Pepper had produced would not last long. Sydney could not subsist on such food. It was for her welfare he thought.

He seized a valise and tumbled a lot of his canned provisions into it. Then he rushed to her cabin and tore open the door. Everything was in confusion, but he found her work box. He threw that into the valise also, and followed it with several small articles from the drawer of her dressing case. Then he started for the deck.

As he mounted the stairs a great wave met him and swept him back into the flooded cabin. But he clung to the valise and got upon his feet again. It was pitch dark outside. As he reached the

deck once more not a soul was in sight.

He staggered out upon the slippery planks and shouted hoarsely. No voice replied, but by his side there suddenly appeared the form of a man. Thorne recoiled and threw up his arm to shield his head from the blow he saw was about to fall. But the weapon descended and Thorne fell to the wave-swept deck and lay prone, stunned and motionless!

CHAPTER XI.

Cast Away.

Night had now shut down upon the wind-beaten sea. Occasionally splashes of rain churned the waves to foam, or a vivid flash of lightning lit up the awful scene, while the thunder muttered overhead. The tropical typhoon had passed almost as quickly as it had risen; but it had left in its wake a tempest of wind and rain beneath which the stoutest bark might stagger. The Naia, caught between the huge jaws of the reef, reeled and shook beneath every blow the sea dealt her.

The masts had quickly wrenched themselves free. Their falling had driven the two boats, with their human freight, from the brig's side. And when they were pushed off and rowed desperately for the unknown coast, they left the unconscious form of Howard Thorne lying upon the deck. Every wave, as it rolled solemnly up behind, broke high above the quarter and poured its tons upon tons of water aboard. The roaring, turbulent stream, unbroken for the moment between the yet unbroken bulwarks, swept everything movable forward. It rolled the inanimate body of Thorne over and over into the scuppers. But it could not break his hold upon the valise. He clung to that with a death grip.

The rough treatment, however, aroused him at last. The blow dealt by his unknown assailant had glanced from his arm to his head. The arm hung all but helpless by his side; but it saved his head. He struggled into a sitting posture between two waves. The roar of the breakers under the brig's bow deafened him; the confusion of the elements was all about; yet with returning consciousness came the activity of mind that belongs to the physically brave man.

The wreck would not hold together under the terrific onslaught of the waves. If he would save himself he must work quickly. He clung to the bulwarks while another sea passed and then ran across the deck to a heavy grating. With difficulty he loosed it from its lashings and dragged it from under the debris heaped upon it.

He first fastened his precious valise securely to this poor raft. Then he obtained a heavy ax from the cook's galley and an oar from the ship's chest. His injured arm pained him cruelly with every movement; but he set his teeth, seized the ax and attacked the bulwarks. Every time a sea dropped over the stern he was nearly carried off his feet. He worked like a tiger when the deck was clear.

At length he accomplished his purpose. A wave, surging across the deck, carried away a great piece of the splintered rail. A breach was made into which he dragged his raft. With a rapid turn of the line he bound himself to the grating, and awaited the onslaught of the next wave.

It came, tumbling over the stern in a great, turbid flood, and rushed seething and foaming forward. The grating was caught up like a chip upon its bosom and with a roar and crash he was in the midst of the turmoil of waters over the

reef. The sea boiled like a caldron beneath the brig's bows, but Thorne was carried safely beyond the rocks. Driven onward by the momentum of the wave, the raft neared the towering cliffs. Thorne raised himself upon his knees, wrenched the oar free, and tried to paddle with it; but the implement was torn from his weakened grasp, and he could only fall upon his face and cling to the tossing raft.

Had the boats bearing his companions in distress reached the land? He saw no light upon the shore. He could distinguish a narrow line of shingle on which the billows broke with sullen roar; but only when the fitful lightning illuminated the scene could he see objects clearly.

He was being driven into an inlet or cove. The shore lay upon his left—the frowning cliffs seemed towering all around him. He struggled madly to beach the grating. He even slid off into the sea and strove to touch bottom; but the water was too deep.

The current had grasped his frail support as though with a giant hand, and was hurling it upon the cliffs. He fought desperately to push the grating to land. But it was impossible.

Then he let go his hold and struck out for the shore alone. Once he touched bottom, but a receding wave snatched him away again. The sea played with him as a cat might with his prey. He was tossed like a bit of flotsam from wave to wave.

Suddenly, as he was again swept shoreward, he saw a wind driven figure standing at the water's edge. He shouted and threw up his hand. There was an answering cry, and as he came nearer, the figure rushed in and caught him by the arm. The wave broke and ran far up the beach, leaving them sprawling in the boiling surf. Thorne struggled to his feet. He seized his companion by the hand. A vivid flash of lightning lit up the scene. It was Sydney Latimer!

"Quick!" she gasped. "Quick, before we are swept back again!"

But even as she spoke another billow broke around them. They went down before it. Once more they struggled up, still clinging to each other's hands. Then the fearful undertow caught them in its embrace and they were dragged out and away—overwhelmed—smothered—drowned in the boiling surf!

Thorne's heart throbbed convulsively. His one thought was that she had sacrificed her life for him. He seized her around the body and fought his way to the surface. They were far out from the shore and not even his raft was in reach now.

"She has killed herself for me!" He cried the words aloud, and struck out like a madman for the shore.

"Don't—I feel a current. Let it carry us," she murmured.

She knew more about the sea than he. He obeyed, still bearing her up with his uninjured arm. The foam-streaked waters swept them on into the cut, but Thorne noticed that the waves no longer broke around them. The pounding of the surf was all behind.

Suddenly an eddy swung them toward the cliff on the right. He struck with full force against a rock.

WILL BE CONTINUED TOMORROW AND EVERY WEEK DAY UNTIL COMPLETED.

On Nature's Plan.

Colds are quickly cured by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It acts on nature's plan, loosens the cough, relieves the lungs and opens the secretions, effecting a permanent cure. It counteracts any tendency of a cold to result in pneumonia. It is pleasant to take, both adults and